Clinton Kentucky
June 16 - 36

Dear Mr Robinson
Of course I remember you - and I visited with you at your home in Pittsburgh - in 1930 or 1931
Mr J. J. Caldwell is living altho more than ninety about 92 years I think I see him in church once in awhile Harry Sykes is still around, but not doing any work
Emma Torrey died about two years ago - Ed Torrey married a young woman a little less than a year after and they have a baby born last September - they Ed and new wife live here
Mrs Ada Robinson (Mrs Emerson) is still working with the children in Primary at our church - I saw her yesterday and told her about you and your letter - will tell other people as I see them -
Forgot to state above Ed Torrey + Katherine left our church and joined the St James Episcopal about two years ago
Mrs Emma Torrey died not

Doris Reed your card to
Our Lyppsey Committee
Ruth Raymond who lived next
below you is married and lives
in Utica - out here in Summer
N. Platt Osborne & wife live in same
old place and Clive where
Clinton Scollard did — My two
sisters Alice died in 32 my
sister Edith died in 1933 —
I have a son married living in Newyork
& Rathbun Brooklyn and works
at 55 Wall Street - I have two
girls but at Smith College one
a junior and one Sophomore
Mrs Broadaus who lived next below
Raymonds across from my house
has passed on as have her two boys
Carl & Ted - Miss Barbe is living

More later —

Cordially Yours

Herbert E. Allen

My best regards to Mrs Robinson

MRS. JULIAN ALEXANDER
3417 RACE STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Oct. 4th, 1936.

Dear Dr. Robinson:-

Another one of our dear ones has gone into the far country - this Time Amelia. She slipped away quietly this morning after a ten days illness with an exhausted heart. Until almost her last breath she was planning

for others. It is very lonely for us who have been left behind, but what a blessed release for her from a body too feeble to house her brave unselfish spirit any longer. She has been so fine and courageous ever since her last great sorrow - she and Laird were not parted long - the Lord was very good to her.

Her children have developed so

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splendidly. I am sure they will carry on bravely with their wonderful heritage.

I have asked them to come and make their home with me. If it seems the wise thing, we shall get together that way.

The rest of the Hills and Alexanders

are in good shape.

I hope you and Mrs. Robinson are well. We often think of you with affection.

Cordially yours,

Virginia Hill Alexander.

MRS. JULIAN ALEXANDER
3417 RACE STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

June 15, 1936.

Dear Dr. Robinson: —

Amelia wanted me to write you of Baird's illness of two weeks, and his death last night. He had a stroke and was unconscious most of the time. It has been two weeks of intense suspense and anxiety. We

were very glad that she did not suffer— that was one comforting thing.

The pity of it that Amelia, frail as she is, has been left to battle alone! But her faith is so great that she will have the Lord behind her strengthening her, as she has through his illness. She is

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going bravely forward. The Lord does indeed fit the back to the burden.

I am glad we can get a glimpse of the glory at the end of the road. It is the only thing that can help us keep going over the ~~high~~ hard places.

My children and Amelia's

are growing up, and the rest of us are

in good shape, I am glad to say.

I hope you and Mrs. Robinson

are well. I have enjoyed the letters

to Amelia.

With all good wishes,

affectionately.

Virginia

Adelphoi At Thirty-four

Sermon Paper POME

High-license No 35

Bob — Mayor

"

Ho Joe! Superbus Rex. Your letter is here,
I read it all through. I feel sort of queer.
Reminiscent, sentimental, grumpy, and sad,
Also proud, light-hearted, hopeful and glad.
It is something for pride, to have been of that Crew,
Who have et and fought and laughed and been true
To all the high vows we gentlemen have,
Argue and joke, disagree - be suave.
If a jab made a stab, hurt was concealed
Not even once, was resentment revealed,
Big men they are, Good-looking too,
High grade in mind, Give them their due.
Not in my life has come greater joy,
Than joining the big ones, while playing the boy,
With high junks and laughter, the meeting place rings,
Scramble at luncheon, then serious things.

Some scaled to great fame, some fled to the land,
But all are remembered. Give us your hand.
Sorry! Can't make it just one week hence,
Must stay here at home behind the line fence*
Be very sure of this, preacher-men all,
You have my best wish for each short and tall,
Lean and fat, handsome or not,
You are all in my heart, like it or not.

*words LINE-FENCE